

Purple Bells

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Summary: A gift for a friend. Tuffcup fluff. Don't like, don't read.

Purple Bells

****A/N:** A little surprise for a friend who is currently bed ridden due to mouth surgery.**

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><p>Flowers were a rare sight on Berk.<p>

The land was rich, yes, but mostly contained trees, bushes, and grass. The flowers that did grow would be picked and used for antidotes or paint as soon as they were seen. Hardly ever were flowers used as a form of affection. Vikings found the act of giving flowers or sweetsâ€|unnecessary. Playful pushes or punches were the norm when confessing an attraction to another person.

So, if anyone were to find out this one young Viking's intention for the flowers, it would cause rumors and other nasty things.

Tuffnut gripped the purple and white floral bells tightly in his hand, his face showing focus for the first time in a long time. His feet shuffled as he walked around trees. Truthfully, he was hoping to make it home by the time it was dark. If Ruffnut caught him with theseâ€|

He shuddered. Never would he ever hear the end of it.

The sun could just barely be seen over the horizon, turning the sky a beautiful pinkish orange. It wasn't dark yet, but, there hardly was anyone outside. A few people here and there, making their way to the docks or to the Great Hall. Either way, they seemed to brush him off when he walked onto the dirt streets. He took a deep breath and

looked up at the Chief's house. It stood silently, not a single person " or dragon " outside. Slowly letting the breath go, he marched up the small hill, ignoring everything else around him.

There was no light coming from the cracks of the wooden door and not a single voice speaking in a one-sided conversation; which seemed to be a Haddock habit. Tuffnut grumbled and walked around to the back of the house. The door to Hiccup's skylight was open, but there was no light. It made him clutch the flowers even tighter.

Hiccup was the strangest of Vikings. Sometimes, he wondered if he should even use that title when it came to the freckled fish bone. He was silent most of the time, keeping his distance when he felt too crowded. Mostly, he talked about facts. Interesting facts that would put anyone to sleep. There had been times Tuffnut had wanted to throw a pebble at the boy just so another person could get a word in. But, there were few and far between.

Hiccup was unlike any other Viking. So, his way of showing affection would be completely different from the rest. And he was ready to try his best at being different as well.

He trotted down to the docks, ducking and hiding behind posts and boats as he looked around. Not a single sign of the twig or the Night Fury. He heaved a sign. By the time he reached the steps leading up to the Great Hall, it was well dark and villagers had begun lighting their candles.

Tuffnut hid in the bushes and watched as everyone came in and out. After about half an hour, he became bored, losing what little shred of courage he built up to do this one, strange task. With a roll of his eyes, he began his trek back into the forest.

The flowers in his hand were already dying, petals flying off the stems as he walked. They dropped this way and that, looking sadder than what he was feeling.

"What a stupid idea!" He grumbled to himself, kicking a rock off into the darkness.

A small yelp caused him to freeze in place. Then, he noticed it. The small thumps of a dragon walking. All he could see in the darkness was two large, acid green eyes come around the corner, staring at him intently. A soft sound emitted from the dragon's throat and he couldn't tell if it was a purr or a growl. The rattling of bushes followed it.

"Toothless, what is it?" Hiccup whispered.

All Tuffnut could do was stare, trying to focus his eyes. He saw the outline of the brunet stroke the spot behind the Night Fury's ear, calming him down.

"What are you doing out here this late?" He unknowingly sneered. "You're lucky I wasn't a bear or anything."

After a moment or two, he could see the sarcastic expression the other almost always seemed to hold. "Yes, I am _so_ lucky. And what are _you_ doing out here?" He raised an eyebrow.

For once, he was the one fumbling. His mind turned dangerously as he tried to make up an excuse. Sadly there wasn't any. He thanked the Gods it was dark as he felt his face heat up. Rubbing the back of his neck, he held up the once beautiful flowers.

"Umâ€|here." He grumbled.

Hiccup stared at what was left of the purple and white bells. Hardly any of the petals clung to the dead stems, making the bouquet a shell of it's former self. He blinked and gently lifted them from the older Viking's grasp.

"These are for me?"

Tuffnut shuffled his feet and stared up at the sky as he talked.
"Well, yeah. I mean, nobody else would take them so I thought â€"

His sentence was cut off as he felt a pair of soft lips touch his cheek. The heat traveled all the way up to his ears and the tip of his nose.

Hiccup smiled slightly. "I love them."

The blonde gave him his most strangest smile and stumbled in the dark before finally grabbing his hand. "Um, yeah. Come on. Let's go get something to eat orâ€|something."

He nodded and walked with him back into the village, Toothless not too far behind.

* * *

><p>AN: At one point, it was a really long One-Shot. I spent a whole day perfecting it. Then, today, my little brother comes in and turns off the computer while I was at the store. I didn't save and lost EVERYTHING. I'm sorry it's not as long as it should have been. - ADAM
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End
file.